

In This Issue Story by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

FEBRUARY 1923

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Little Folks

THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

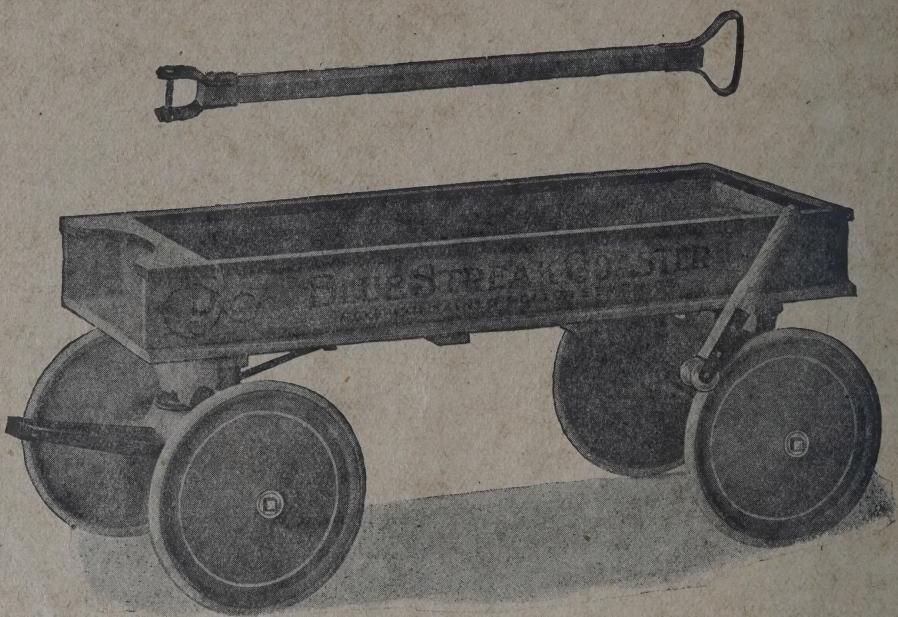
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FEBRUARY

*WASHINGTON and Lincoln, too,
Owe their birthdays, both, to you,
Littlest month, O February!
So, if you are cold and dreary,
Yet you bring us pleasant hours--
Valentines, with lace and flowers,
Thoughts of great men, winter joys--
You are good to girls and boys.*

Margherita O. Osborne



VIOLET
MOORE
HIGGINS

*May I Be
Your Valentine?*

LITTLE FOLKS

THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVI

FEBRUARY, 1923

No. 4

BILLETTA

By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

BILLETTA was young, not ten years old, but already she had tasted something of the bitterness of life. Her name, Billetta Bates, had been a trial to her since she had first learned to lisp it.

Fancy a pretty little girl, replying when asked her name, "Billetta Bates," and invariably being asked over, and being obliged to repeat it, with tears welling up in her blue eyes, and red mounting in her dimpled cheeks. Then always hearing either a chuckle of mirth, or a downright roar of laughter!

Billetta's uncle Billy, and her grandmother, Mrs. Etta Bates, had each deposited a nice little sum in the bank for her, on account of her name, and Billetta's parents felt it their duty to bestow it upon her although neither of them liked it.

Also, Billetta had many presents from her uncle and grandmother: a numerous family of dolls, gold chains, rings, silver spoons—many things for which she did not care very much with the exception of the dolls. She had so many of them she was rather bewildered.

In one respect Uncle Billy and Grandmother Bates failed in generosity: they did not realize that a pretty little girl needs pretty little clothes. The Uncle was a bachelor and Grandmother Bates did not approve of fine clothes for children.

"As long as she is dressed warm in winter and cool in summer, and is neat and clean, and behaves pretty, that is enough," she said.

Billetta had a married sister Emily. Emily was a good woman, but she did not know much about children, and she agreed with Grandmother Bates. Poor Billetta's dresses were



"THIS IS TO BE A CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO YOU, DEAR"

all made out of Emily's old ones. She never had a pretty new dress.

Billetta did not go to school until she was nearly ten. She had always been delicate and her mother had taught her at home. She was to begin school in the fall term, and Emily gave her a plum-colored silk to be made over for a school dress.

"I suppose silk is almost too dressy for school," Emily said, "but it is a sober color. Only Billetta must not be proud."

Billetta's mother looked rather sadly at the plum-colored silk. "It will have to do for her," she said. "Her father cannot afford to buy her a new dress. The taxes are very high this year."

Billetta was inclined to be pleased with having a silk dress—although she did not like the color. It was a very dingy plum-color.

"It is a beautiful piece of silk, dear," her mother said consolingly. "Emily was kind. This is to be her Christmas present to you, you know, dear."

"Yes'm," said Billetta. She eyed the silk rather doubtfully. Her mother was trying it on, and her grandmother was watching.

Billetta's mother was turning the skirt very short, but her



THE TEACHER ASKED HER NAME

grandmother protested. "You don't mean to cut that beautiful silk as short as that," she said, "She will outgrow it in no time."

Billetta's mother did not dare oppose her mother-in-law. The skirt was hung well below Billetta's little boot-tops.

Billetta was late, the morning school opened, because her mother had some last stitches to put in the dress. She started off happily thinking she looked very nice, indeed. When Billetta entered the schoolroom she faced the rows of desks at which were seated the little boys and girls. Some she knew, some she did not know at all. One, Annie Miggs, was her very dear friend.

Billetta beamed at all the faces staring at her. She thought she must not be proud because her dress was silk.

The teacher, Miss Betty Carrol, asked her name, and when Billetta replied in a low tone, she asked over.

Then Miss Betty, who was young herself, could not refrain from an amused twitch of her pretty lips, and an unmistakable chuckle ran over the room. Only little Annie Miggs did not laugh.

ANNIE MIGGS LOOKED
SAVAGELY AT THE OTHERS



THE PLUM-COLORED SILK SWEPT THE FLOOR ALL AROUND

and fairly ran to her seat, and the plum-colored silk swept the floor all around. Billetta looked like a topsy-turvy morning-glory racing.

Miss Betty Carrol quieted the children with difficulty, because she could hardly refrain from laughing, herself.

Billetta sat, straight and grave at her desk, studying. Her face was white. She looked at nobody, not even Annie Miggs.

The while she studied she covertly hitched up her skirt under her sash. She had no pins, and she had to keep the skirt firmly clutched in both hands when she went to recite. The girls looked and giggled, but she did not pay any attention to them.

She frowned and looked savagely at the others.

Miss Betty pointed out Billetta's seat to her, and Billetta started to walk up the aisle.

Then the chuckle increased to a roar of merriment. Poor Billetta was slender and inclined to stoop. She walked up her plum-colored skirt, stumbled and nearly fell down.

Then she was so taken aback by the uproar, that she crouched low

When the session was over Annie Miggs crept to her side, as she was going out of the schoolroom.

"What did you do?" she whispered.

"Hitched it up."

"You can't keep it up so all the way home, and Billetta it does look awfully funny, the way you walk holding onto it. What's that you've got in your hand?"

"Teacher's scissors."

"Where did you get them?"

"She dropped them, and I picked them up."

"You going to?"

Billetta nodded.

"I'll help," said Annie Miggs.

There was a large closet with a window, where the girls hung their wraps.

The two went in there, and Annie Miggs locked the door. Then Billetta cut and Annie Miggs cut. The plum-colored skirt hung short and in uneven lengths.

"That looks better," said Annie Miggs. "Now you'd better run along home." Annie Miggs unlocked the door.

Billetta began to cry.

"What's the matter?"



"THAT LOOKS BETTER!"

"I don't know what mother and grandmother will say," sobbed Billetta.

"Want me to go home with you?"

"Oh, Annie!"

Billetta went home in her shortened skirts, and Annie Miggs marched beside with an air of tragic protection and defiance. Several persons stared at Billetta's dress and Annie Miggs scowled at them.

Both little girls entered the sitting-room where were Billetta's mother and grandmother, one sewing, the other knitting.

Billetta's grandmother looked, then she changed her spectacles and looked again.

"Do you see?" she asked Billetta's mother, who was staring, white-faced.

"Billetta!" she gasped.

"That beautiful plum-colored silk," said the grandmother in an awful voice. "It is ruined."

"It is all ragged," Billetta's mother remarked faintly.

"Who cut that off?" demanded the grandmother.

"Miss Carrol had her scissors there," stated Annie Miggs. "She always brings fancy work to school."

"If Betty Carrol did such an awful thing as that, I shall speak to the Trustees," said the grandmother.

"I cut it off, myself," said Billetta.

"You didn't either, not the whole of it," said Annie Miggs. "I helped. I cut off quite a lot."

"Why?"

"They all laughed," sobbed Billetta.

"Enough to make a cat laugh," said Annie Miggs, little, dark, angry child. "It was bad enough to give her such an awful name without sending her to school looking like an old lady."

Then very unexpectedly, Billetta's grandmother began to laugh.

She laughed until her spectacles fell off and tears ran over her cheeks.

"Billetta's mother looked hesitatingly at her. Then she also laughed.

"Look here, child," said the grandmother to Billetta, and you, too, you little fibber. I don't blame you one mite for what you did. I wouldn't have blamed you if you had cut off more. It is too long now. And that old plum-colored silk is silly for a school dress. Your mother and Emily ought to be ashamed of themselves for rigging you up so. Emily never did have a mite of taste. Don't you worry, Billetta. I saw some real pretty dresses at Lamson's, and your mother and I will go right down there and buy a blue one and a henna-colored one, and Annie can stay with you while we are gone and you can make molasses candy.

And as for you, Annie Miggs, you are going to have a Christmas present from me, because you were spunky enough to stand up for Billetta, when her own folks let her be made a laughing stock."

Billetta's mother caught her in her arms and kissed her. "Mother's lamb," she whispered.

"As for that plum-colored silk, what is left of it," said Billetta's grandmother, "I am going to make a sofa pillow out of it for a Christmas present to Emily."



"THAT BEAUTIFUL PLUM-COLORED SILK!" SAID GRANDMOTHER IN AN AWFUL VOICE



IN SCHOOL

By Annette Wynne

Words in rows upon the board are very straight and tall
 With numbers near each one of them but they mean nothing at all,
 Unless you set them in a line like people in the street,
 Who nod their heads and talk of things to all the folks they meet.

The big words in the dictionary are useful words, indeed,
 We do not say them often though, but only when we read.
 But the little words that children use are busy all the day,
 At breakfast time, and study-time, at tea-time and at play.



CONSTANCE AND THE TWINS

By Winifred Stowitz Paddock

CHAPTER IV.—AT GRANDMOTHER'S

THE twins thought that it was a very long trip to Grandmother's house. First they rode on a train. There were a great many things to see from the window. Sometimes they saw little boys and girls in their own

windows watching the train fly by. Then they were going over a bridge and past city streets where they could see the children going to school. Soon they left the train and Father took them through a station where there were a great many people. Then they rode on another car and still another car and finally they were at Grandmother's house.

They went in through a big front door and a big hall and then Father stopped at a door and rang the bell. For Grandmother's house was only a small part of the whole big house where many other people lived, too. Father called it an apartment.

Grandmother opened the door.

"Well, here are my dear little twin granddaughters," she said and she kissed Jean and Jane and hugged them both, and she kissed Father, too, because Father used to be Grandmother's little boy.

Father only stayed while Grandmother was helping the twins take off their hats and coats. He said he must hurry back to the office, so he kissed Grandmother and the twins and away he went.

The twins thought that Grandmother's house was about the nicest house that they had ever seen. They walked all about and looked at everything.

"I'm going to ask my father to let us live in an apartment," said Jean.
"So am I," said Jane.

That made Grandmother laugh. "You funny twins!" she said. "Wouldn't you miss your big house and your playroom and garden?"

"But you have shelves that slide up and down in a little closet," said Jean.

"The dumb waiter?" said Grandmother, laughing.

"And a shower bath!" said Jane.

"Can't we take a shower bath, Grandmother dear?" asked both twins at once.

"Perhaps," said Grandmother, "but there are other things we must do first. We must have our lunch first of all."

While Grandmother and the twins were eating their lunch they heard music.

"Someone is playing the violin in the court," said Grandmother. "Jump down, little girls, and look out and see him."

Jean and Jane ran to the window. There was an old man playing a lively tune and looking up at the windows. Grandmother gave each of the twins five cents wrapped in a piece of paper to throw to the old man. He bowed and smiled as he picked up the little white packages, and played again.

"Come, little girls, finish your luncheon so we can go down town," said Grandmother.

"What are we going to buy, Grandmother?" asked Jane.

"I think we shall see someone," said Grandmother. "Someone you have both heard a good deal about."

"An Indian?" guessed Jean.

Grandmother shook her head.

"Cousin John?" guessed Jane.

But Grandmother said they could never guess.

When they got down-town Grandmother took the twins into a big store where there were a great many people. As they stepped on the elevator she said to the elevator man, "The toy department." Jean and Jane held tight to Grandmother's hands and wondered what was going to happen next.

What a wonderful place that toy shop was! Grandmother had to hold tight to her little granddaughters because they were so busy looking at the toys that they were in danger of bumping into people. Jean saw a toy bird that really flew and she had to walk backwards to watch it. Jane was looking at a little stove that really got hot and cooked things. Then they both saw the dolls. There were big dolls and little dolls, dolls that



SANTA CLAUS SAID HE WOULD REMEMBER

walked and dolls that talked, and baby dolls that cried in their cribs.

"Oh, Grandmother!" said Jean. "Oh, Grandmother!" said Jane.

But Grandmother led them past the dolls and then they saw, — well, you could never guess who it was. Santa Claus! Yes, it was Santa Claus with his red coat and his white beard and his jolly red face.

Grandmother bent down. "Who is that?" she said to the twins. Jean couldn't say a word, but Jane just whispered, "Santa Claus!"

Santa Claus was holding out his hands towards them and Grandmother told them to go and speak to him. Santa took them up on his knees and asked them what they wanted for Christmas. "A doll," whispered Jean and Jane both at once. Santa Claus looked at Grandmother and said he would remember. Then he put them down and spoke to other children.

When they got about Santa Claus and the dolls. mother so many could hardly an- Finally she said, the shower bath? about that, little

"Oh, no," they

So Grandmother and filled the bath warm water and bath. Then they Grandmother shower bath. each other's hands down on them. threw some water threw water at mother and the shower bath that mother turned off they couldn't play that the landlord rent and she would bathing suit if more shower baths

When Aunt to dinner two pink ting up in bed waiting to be kissed. "We're all clean," said Jane.

"Just like brand new," said Jean.

"We've had a shower bath and a plain bath," added Jane.

home they talked and about the toys They asked Grand- questions that she swer t h e m all.

"But how about Did you forget Jean and Jane?" said.

undressed them tub with nice gave them a nice stood up and turned on the They held tight to as the water came Bye and bye Jane at Jean and Jean Jane. Grand- bath room got a day. Then Grand- the water and said any more. She said would raise the have to buy a there were any like that.

Ruth came home little girls were sit-



AN OLD MAN WAS PLAYING A LIVELY TUNE

"Then you're just right to kiss," said Aunt Ruth. And she kissed them and covered them up and they were asleep in less than five minutes.

The next morning the postman's whistle blew while Grandmother was tying the twins' hair ribbons.

"Now we'll run out and see what the postman's brought us," she said.

And what do you think he had brought? A letter for Jane and one for Jean! Their names were on the outside. Grandmother opened them and read them. They were both from Mother. She said that she was coming to have luncheon with Grandmother and to take her little girls home. And there were round kisses at the bottom of each letter. There were thirty-seven in Jean's letter and thirty-eight in Jane's. That made Jean feel badly for a minute, but Grandmother said the last kiss in Jane's letter was hers, so Jane only had thirty-seven after all.

After lunch when Jean and Jane were going away with Mother, Jean said,

"Oh, Grandmother, I've had the very nicest time at your house."

"So have I," said Jane.

"Come and make me more visits," said Grandmother, and she kissed the twins good-bye.

LIKE LINCOLN

I want to be like Lincoln
When I grow to be a man;
To be a boy like he was,
Then, I'll do the best I can.

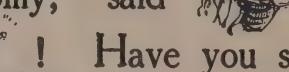
He split the rails for fences,
But now they're built of wire;
So I'll saw the wood and split it,
To keep my mother's fire

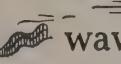
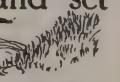
Augusta Kirch De L'horbe

Queen Bee's Crown.

III.



"EXT," said Trixie, "let us go over the stone  to the meadow and ask Billy Buttercup. Perhaps  went over there for a walk and lost her  in the ." So away they went over the stone  and up the  and there they found Billy  eating his luncheon of  and  and  out of his gold  that Daddy Buttercup had given him. "O Billy," said , "Queen Bee has lost her ! Have you seen it anywhere?" "Not I," said . "But maybe it is down at the bottom of the pond. Once when I was eating my breakfast, Neddy Gnat tickled my  and I dropped my gold  and it rolled down the  and fell into the pond by the , and Mrs.  and the little  were there and  reached down her long  and fished my  up for me all safe. Maybe she could find Queen Bee's  and fish that up, too." "Good!" said Bobby. And away they all went down the , but  and the little  had gone away visiting and there was nobody to be seen but little

Tommy Tadpole swimming about in the  by the . "O Tommy," said , "will you dive down to the bottom of the pond and see if Queen Bee's  is there?" "Indeed I will," said , and splash, down he went with his little  waving, to the bottom of the pond, and  was so excited that splash, he jumped right into the  after Tommy Tadpole and dived to the bottom of the pond, too! But  could not swim. Up he came sputtering. "I'm drowning! I'm drowning!" he cried. And  ran and pulled him out of the  and set him on his  all safe and away he ran up the  and sat down to finish his  and  and  out of his gold . But up popped Tommy Tadpole. "I have looked all over the bottom of the pond," he said, "and Queen Bee's  is not there." "Thank you, Tommy" said . "Buzz, buzz, thank you, Tommy," said . "And now let's go back to look for Queen Bee's !"



A CUNNING VALENTINE

By Marguerite McKie Brash



turned with a cunning boy paper-doll, "You may paint this little heart a bright red, and paint the chair a pretty, dark green. Fit the piece carefully together to be sure which is the front and which the back."

When Betty had finished painting them, Grandma placed the little boy between the front and the back pieces, so that he peeked around the arm of the chair when pulled forward. Then she found some paper-fasteners, and put one through the three pieces of paper in the seat of the chair, and another through the top. Next, she lay a piece of thread on the paper-doll's arm, with the end dangling, and pasted the little red heart over his hand.

"Now pull the thread," she said to Betty. And Betty was so delighted with the result that she told us all about it, too.



MUNZA

By Alice Alison Lide



MUNZA PLAYED HE WAS A
GREAT HUNTER

little house, built high up on the spreading limbs of a great

(165)

MUNZA, the little black boy, was lonesome. He had tired of watching the splendid green parrots and the monkeys that chattered and swung among the trees and the gold-colored snakes at play in the grass below. He was all alone, for his father and his big brother were far away on an elephant hunt and his mother had gone to dig mealie roots.

Munza had been told never, never to leave home while the rest of the family were gone, and the mother didn't dream that her little son would think of doing such a thing.

His big brother, Ajumba, who loved to tease, would sometimes tweak Munza's top-knot and say:

"Better look out, Munza, or the Pale One will get you. And when the Pale One gets you, he will shut you up in a great dark place with the other children that he catches. And maybe — maybe he'll pop you in a stew pot."

Munza would shiver. He was afraid — oh, very much afraid of the Pale One.

But this day, Munza was dreadfully lonesome, so he sat out on the platform around his house and looked longingly down at the green earth far below. Munza's home was a queer

kabool tree. Its roof was thatched with broad, tough leaves and it sat upon a sturdy platform of poles lashed together with vines. A sort of basket-work fence of reeds and bamboo surrounded it and a long wobbly ladder led to the ground far below. Munza

could scamper up and down the ladder like a spry little monkey. At night, when the whole family had gathered in the tree-house, the ladder was drawn up and all was made safe against prowling wild animals of the jungle.

However, with everybody gone and no one handy to think up a game for him to play next, Munza kept on getting lonesomer and lonesomer.

The long ladder swayed gently in the breeze. If he climbed down, for even a teeny weeny minute, he could pick a great handful of lovely red dhak flowers, scuttle back up to the house and weave them into a garland.

Now Munza knew that he ought not to do this, for his mother had told him not to. But he was so tired of living all alone up in a tree top! It

would be fun to play that he was a great hunter, going on a chase and that the dhak flowers were the trophy. He ran to a crotch in the tree trunk and took out the tiny bow and arrows that Umba had made for him. In his woolly top-knot, he stuck a golden-yellow feather dropped from a sun-bird's tail. Then feeling very pompous and grown-up, he strutted over to the ladder. He'd just scuttle down to the ground, stay a minute



MUNZA CREPT CLOSER AND CLOSER

and clamber up again. There wouldn't be any harm in that at all.

But just as Munza touched ground, a grizzled, gray whiskered little monkey, with the oldest face imaginable, darted from behind a fern clump. And before he knew it, Munza went scampering after.

"I'll catch him in a minute," thought the little black boy, "He's old — oh, so very old! I know he can't run fast."

However, the little gray-whiskered monk was much sprier than he looked. Here he went behind a breadfruit tree. Now he was chattering shrilly in the mangrove thicket. Munza began to get angry and to run faster and faster. And all of a sudden, he ran smack out of the forest into a clearing. Now Munza had never been out of the cool green jungle before and he looked around in amazement. The land stretched away smooth and level with only a tree here and there. There were green plants and flowers growing in many long straight rows. In the distance a big round box was perched up on four high poles and at its side a thing with four paddle-like wings went whirling round and round in the wind. It was nothing more alarming than a water tank and a wind mill, but Munza looked upon them with awe. Near at hand, was a great square house, many, many times bigger than the little black boy's hut. If Munza had only known that this was the house of the Pale One, how he would have run!

But Munza didn't know; so he crept closer and closer till he came to a side of the house where there were square openings covered with a clear shining stuff that you could look through but couldn't poke a finger through. Munza had never seen



SHUT UP IN THE ROOM WERE ROWS
OF LITTLE BLACK CHILDREN

anything quite like it. Stepping up, he pressed his little black nose against a pane of glass and peered in.

Dreadful! Dreadful! Shut up in the room were rows of little black children just like himself.

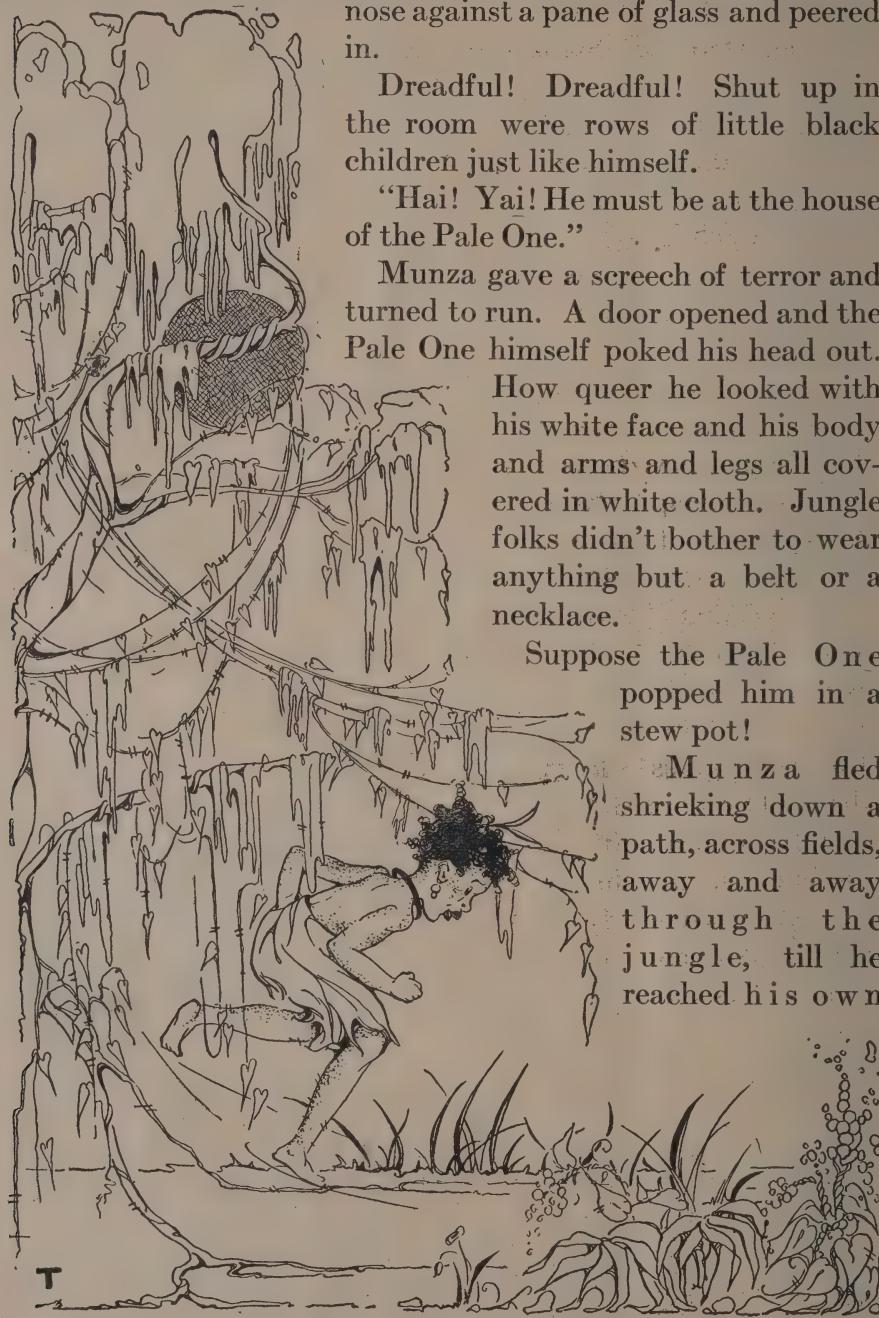
"Hai! Yai! He must be at the house of the Pale One."

Munza gave a screech of terror and turned to run. A door opened and the Pale One himself poked his head out.

How queer he looked with his white face and his body and arms and legs all covered in white cloth. Jungle folks didn't bother to wear anything but a belt or a necklace.

Suppose the Pale One popped him in a stew pot!

Munza fled shrieking down a path, across fields, away and away through the jungle, till he reached his own



MUNZA FLED, SHRIEKING

tree home. Up the ladder he scrambled, into the leaf-thatched hut, and there he sat and shivered and wished that he hadn't disobeyed his mother.

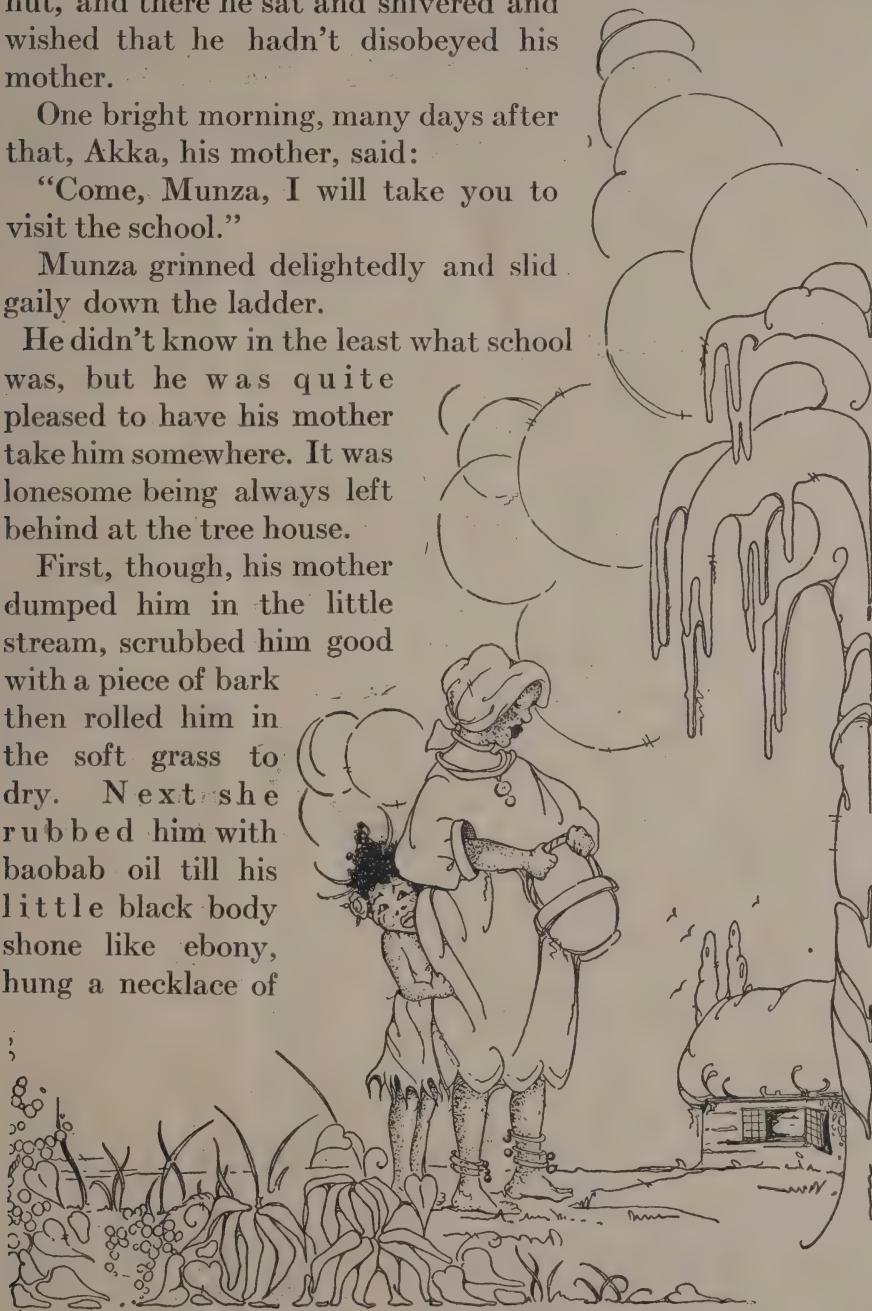
One bright morning, many days after that, Akka, his mother, said:

"Come, Munza, I will take you to visit the school."

Munza grinned delightedly and slid gaily down the ladder.

He didn't know in the least what school was, but he was quite pleased to have his mother take him somewhere. It was lonesome being always left behind at the tree house.

First, though, his mother dumped him in the little stream, scrubbed him good with a piece of bark then rolled him in the soft grass to dry. Next she rubbed him with baobab oil till his little black body shone like ebony, hung a necklace of



HE LEAPED BEHIND HIS MOTHER

blue tones around his neck and stuck a red dhak flower behind his ear. And Munza felt all dressed up.

He trotted happily beside his mother along the jungle path, till he suddenly looked up and saw in the clearing, the great house many, many times bigger than his tree home. Munza began to pull back. "Come child," said Akka impatiently. "You walk as slowly as the grandfather of all the crocodiles."

Then she marched her unhappy son straight into the big house. It seemed full of children, and Munza felt very badly indeed to think that the Pale One had caught so many. He looked up and there was the Pale One coming right towards him. Oh, woe! woe! Munza leaped behind his mother, yelling as loud as a whole treeful of monkeys. Then he dashed out of the door and down the path as fast as his legs could carry him. And right behind him, chased his amazed mother, her brass anklets jangling together, clackety-clang, at every step.

Down in the cool shadow of the jungle, the little black boy told her all about big brother Ajumba's teasing.

"Tch! Tch! Foolish child!" said the mother. "The Pale One will not harm you. He is the good missionary from across the Great Water. His big house is the school where he teaches children to work and to play and they all love him. If you'll be a good boy now, I'll take you back and maybe the Pale One will show you beautiful things and give you little spice cakes."



THERE WAS THE PALE ONE HIMSELF!



A little ship set sail one day,
Across the ocean free;
But where it went and what it held,
I was not there to see.
But I am sure it must have sailed
To some strange, foreign land
Where maybe dark-skinned natives danced
Upon the yellow sand.
And then the Captain of the ship
Politely doffed his cap,
And told them what he had and where
He came from on the map.
The natives helped him land at once,
And all his sailors, too,
And feasted them with cocoanuts,
And fruits, and young bamboo.
They liked so well the things he brought,
That for his homeward trip,
They let him choose from treasure-house,
Rare gifts to load his ship.
And after one more feast, I know
The little ship came home,
And did not fear the storms and wind,
Nor waves all white with foam.
But where it is and what it brought,
Across the ocean free,
I cannot tell you, just because
I was not there to see!



SITKA, THE SNOW BABY

By Allen Chaffee

CHAPTER IV. — THE WALRUS HERD

ON a bare, flat island of the ice pack—
Sitka stared in wonder—sprawled a
herd of walruses.

They were the fattest, ugliest, fiercest
looking monsters the little white bear had
ever seen. They were not as fierce as they
looked, however, as Mother White Bear
knew, for they lived on clams and shell-fish.
Their fierce appearance came partly from
the long ivory tusks with which they dug
their clams.

They were enormous creatures, some of
the old bulls weighing fully two thousand
pounds. Like seals, their legs consist of flap-
pers. But there the resemblance ended.
Instead of silky fur, they had ugly, hairless,
warty-looking hides, tough and wrinkled and
of a muddy brown.

Neither have they the brains of the seal
tribe, for they had found the life of a clam
digger so easy that they had no need of
brains, and Nature takes back what we do
not use. Their thick necks ended in heads so
shallow that there seemed to be nothing
there but a pair of tiny eyes and whiskers
at the roots of their tusks.

On land these ungainly monsters were al-
most helpless in their fatness—instead of
being agile like seals. But in the sea they
were marvellous swimmers, their layers of
fat blubber helping to float them.

However, like mammals, they will fight
fiercely when their babies are in danger,

As Sitka and his mother again approached
the ice where lay a herd of mother walruses
and their young, the mothers eyed them
angrily, and the moment they scrambled

aboard the floe, several of them charged with the utmost ferocity, bellowing and rearing themselves on their hind quarters as if to fling themselves on the intruders and crush them flat, as indeed, they might have done, had not Mother White Bear given Sitka the signal to dive off out into the water again. Dearly would she have loved to treat him to walrus calf, but it was plain they would have to try strategy in capturing such prey.

For a time they swam around, not too near to the mother walruses. The fathers were digging clams, heaping great piles of them on shore, then settling to their feast, or sometimes eating as they dug. Sitka eyed these clam piles with envy and a little mischief. "Mother, I'm going to try it again!" he announced. And before she could utter a warning, he had made a dash for the breakfast a huge old bull was looking forward to, as he dug away in the shallow water.

With a bellow of wrath the old fellow reared his monstrous head and eyed the white cub with a gleam of anger, "Come back!" whoofed Mother White Bear. But Sitka did not hear. The next moment the ivory tusks would have come down straight into the middle of Sitka's back, but that he dodged, and slid into the water with no more than a red gash on his white side.

"Just wait till I'm a little bigger!" he roared at the walrus. "You just wait!"

It was therefore with huge interest that he watched his mother, toward dusk that afternoon, prepare to creep up on a walrus calf. Bidding Sitka remain in hiding behind a chunk of ice, she flattened herself like a cat creeping up on a bird, and waited till it should be wholly dark. She had fixed on a calf who, with his mother, lay a little to one side of the main body of the herd,



and in order to take them by surprise, she and Sitka had made their approach by swimming first out to sea, then doubling back and approaching with nothing showing above water-line save the black tips of their noses.

In that interval just between sundown and the first stars, when it was darkest, she began creeping slowly forward. Once her foot scraped the ice, and the walrus cow looked up suspiciously, and Mother White Bear held as still as a rock till the cow had gone to sleep again. Then forward she crept, nearer, nearer, nearer. Sitka could no longer see her white bulk for the darkness, nor could he hear aught but the wind and the waves.

With a sudden dash she had delivered a blow that broke the calf's neck and was dragging his huge weight back over the ice. The walrus cow was roused and rearing this way and that, trying to overtake them. But so awkward are walruses on land that she could make no headway compared with agile Mother White Bear, and though her bellowing awoke the herd and they raised the most terrific alarm, they were still farther away than she, and in the inky darkness they only tumbled over one another in their awkwardness, searching in vain for the cause of the disturbance. Had Mother White Bear met them in the water, it would have been a different story. But she did not take to the water till she had reached the place where she had left Sitka. Then, softly, softly, she slipped over the edge of the ice and began towing the fat body of the calf to the shore. It meant feasting for many days for her.

It was only a week later that they watched (themselves safely hidden, their black noses just barely out of water) while a band of Eskimo went walrus hunting, and Sitka marvelled to see what cowards walruses could be. As the little brown men approached in their kyacks, fearless in these frail skin boats, the whole herd simply rushed terrified into the water and swam for their lives. Had the walruses not been such cowards, they could have reared their tusked heads out of the water and crushed the boats.

GRANDFATHER'S GREAT GRANDFATHER

by

Muriel Earberry

"AUNTIE, did you know George Washington?" Margaret asked one snowy February afternoon as she came in from school,

"No, George Washington died quite a few years before I was born," I replied, drawing her up on my lap, "but your great-great-great grandfather knew him."

"Oh, tell me about this grandfather."

"I'll tell you how he escaped from the Indians."

"I love to hear about Indians," and with a snuggle of delight she settled herself more comfortably into the arm-chair.

"This grandfather wasn't born in New York City, like you, but came over from a place called Holland, across the Atlantic Ocean, when he was quite a young man. He stayed in New York for a while and then a friend of his was going out to the Far West—its now called Ohio—and wanted him to go along.

Ohio doesn't seem far to us now because you can ride on a train all night and the next day you're there but when grandfather went you had to ride on a horse and it took months and months.



THE INDIANS HAD NEVER SEEN THESE QUEER WOODEN THINGS



"DID HE HAVE SKATES LIKE BROTHERS?"

People who went out there then had to be very brave because it was a great wilderness, many trees and no houses. Such people were called pioneers. After they arrived it was necessary to make their own houses; break branches, cut down trees, and fish and hunt for food. There weren't any stores

like Wanamaker's where grandfather went. But there were lots and lots of Indians. They were called Ottawas and they disliked the white settlers greatly; sometimes they captured them and scalped them with their tomahawks.

Well, this day when our grandfather was making his way through a forest, old gun in one hand and skates over his shoulder, two Indians stole up behind him stealthily and bound him before he could defend himself."

"Did he have skates," cried Margaret, "just like Brother's?"

"No, they weren't quite like Brother's, they were mostly wood with a rim of steel. But this grandfather of ours didn't go skating for fun, he took his skates for fast travelling just as you rode to kindergarten today in the automobile to get there more quickly."

The Indians had never seen these queer wooden things, and as they were leading Grandfather to their teepee they asked him what they were. He had met a few Indians in his life so understood a little of the language of the Ottawas. The Indians thought that the skates were a kind of hunting tool.

Grandfather said he'd show them how they worked if they'd take him to the river. To the river! A new way to catch fish, they concluded.

"The river was about half a mile away and a very beautiful river, a sort of hide-and-seek stream that darted in and out between the thick foliage. A light snow had fallen that day, just enough to cover the bushes and make them appear like pudgy snow men. The ice, too, had its shiny face sprinkled with the soft white powder.

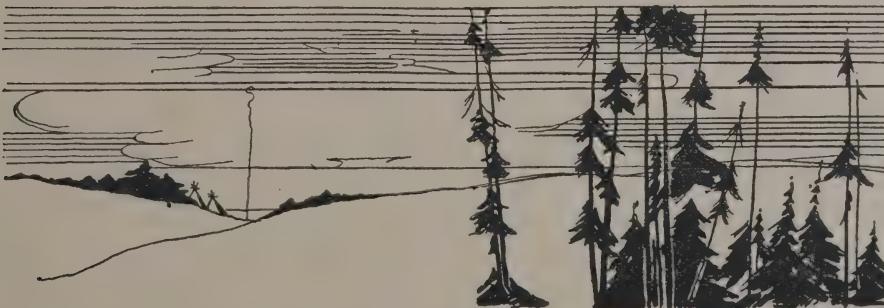
Not a sound was to be heard except Grandfather's footsteps, because the Indians, you know, never make any noise when they walk.

The three approached the bank and Grandfather motioned to the Indians to untie him. This they did and then he told them to wait there while he went to the river's edge. They were very obedient because they wanted to know what it was all about. Grandfather put these queer weapons on his feet, and then he flew up the river like a bird let out of a cage. He never once looked back.

For a moment the Indians stared at the winged black figure on the snowy landscape and then they looked at one another, seized their bows and arrows and were off in pursuit.

But Grandfather could skate faster than they could walk on that snowy ice and bows and arrows didn't do much good when the river was so winding.

They didn't get a new scalp that morning but they did learn what skates were. Grandfather had kept his word.



LITTLE FOLKS HOME GUARD

Something To Join

DEAR COUSINS: I do most certainly think it's the luckiest thing in the world for us that there is plenty of room in our club for every girl and boy who wants to join. For if it were only "so big," how we should have to squeeze to get everybody in. Why, do you know, my big Record Book is full of names and addresses and honors, and I've got to move right out of it into another. I'm thinking seriously of making my next Record Book a real card catalog, with a card for each one of you. Another Record Book won't last long enough if our membership continues to grow so rapidly.

Just the other day I was thinking how well our club had shown that girls and boys can be just as good citizens and guardians of their homes as grown folks, if only they understand how. Not so long ago Bettie Lucile Lucas, of Warsaw, Indiana, sent me a poem about our club, and I said to myself, "Bettie has the right idea. I'll share this little verse with all our Cousins in our February number. If you will look carefully, you will see that the first letter in each line, read down from the top, will spell the title of the poem.

HOME GUARDS

H is to be Happy, as everyone should.
O is if Only we could all keep good.
M is for Merry, no sorrow to stay,
E for Everlasting—join the Home Guards
today.
G is for Good—as everyone knows,
U for United; make friends of your foes.
A is for able to do our very best.
R will make us Rosy and fill us with zest.
D is for Doing the best that we may.
S keeps us Sweet and happy and gay.

And that reminds me of a nice little note I had a while ago from our Melrose (Mass.) Star. Barbara Bullens, the Star secretary wrote: "Our club of eight girls was asked by the matron of the Melrose Hospital to buy and trim a Christmas tree, and to furnish the presents for the children's ward. So to earn the money for this we held a sandwich sale at school at recess. We did not sell all our sandwiches, so we finished selling them after school and they went very quickly. We earned \$11.15. A little later we held a candy sale and made \$8.42. We hope the children's ward will have a happy Christmas with the tree and presents."

I have not heard from Barbara since Christmas, but I feel sure those little sick children did have a happy Christmas and I know every member of the Melrose Star had a happier one than she would have just for the doing of that Christmas kindness. You see, that is the sort of thing that makes our Club worth while, and makes other people know it is worth while. Valentine's Day is coming, and so is Easter. Those are both good days to choose for doing something nice for others. If you have time and your Star wants to put a little money into its treasury, why not have a Valentine sale for your friends. You can make the Valentines yourselves. Lace paper doilies and pretty pictures are fascinating things with which to work. Your club can have the fun of making them, and probably you can dispose of a goodly number. Or, if you prefer, why not make enough to send to the children in the hospital nearest you? Send them to the matron or to the head nurse of the children's ward. And if your club can get some bulbs to

LITTLE FOLKS PICTURE BOOK

The Dragon's Teeth

II

NOT far from the foot of Mount Parnassus, Cadmus came upon a cow, lying beside his path, and calmly chewing her cud. She seemed, however, to take no notice of Cadmus but arose and loitered along the road on which he was walking. But when Cadmus tried to overtake her, she hurried a bit; and when he slowed down she kept just a little way ahead. It was certainly peculiar that she always kept ahead of him, and Cadmus began to think that this must be the cow that he

had been told to follow. After a while Cadmus met other people, who were going his way and as he conversed with them and told his story, they became interested and said they would go along, too, and see the end of the incident if they followed the cow a hundred miles.

And it was, indeed, many a weary mile that the cow led them, but at last in a beautiful fertile plain she chose to rest. Cadmus and his companions looked around for water and food. There was a

(Continued on page 183)



HAZEL FRAZER

CADMUS THRUST THIS WAY AND THAT

(Paint the dragon crimson, with yellow spots; smoke, grey; sky, blue; dress, green; cape, purple.)



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Shakespeare and the Heart of a Child by Gertrude Slaughter is the story of a little girl who lived with Shakespeare as some boys live with the Knights of King Arthur. She read him by the sea, "down in Maine," and when she traveled to Rome, Florence, Verona, Paris, Stratford. Then she came home to a Middle-Western city, and acted some of the plays with her schoolmate and sister. No other children's book, story book or text book, has ever given such a geographical, historical or cultural introduction to Shakespeare as this. Barbara and her merry younger sister are new friends for boys and girls of eleven or twelve and over, who will be fortunate enough through them to be led straight to Shakespeare. The Macmillan Co., New York.

Kitty Parsons, who studies and works with children, has written a volume of captivating short stories about great men and women, especially for young folks of eight years and upward. Fleming H. Revell Co., N. Y.

THE DRAGON'S TEETH

(Continued from page 181)

clump of trees nearby and while Cadmus rested beside the cow, his companions went in search of a spring.

Suddenly Cadmus was aroused by cries and shouts and the noise of a terrible struggle. Running towards the trees he beheld the fiery eyes of an immense dragon, with wide jaws and rows and rows of horrid teeth. Before he could reach the spot, the monster had swallowed his friends. Cadmus was so angry that he drew his sword and jumped right into the dragon's mouth. Inside the beast, he thrust this way and that, until he had stabbed the vitals of the creature, then creeping out of its jaws saw that there was not life enough left in it to harm a child.

"What shall I do now!" cried Cadmus aloud, for in his grief and loneliness it seemed to him that he was fated to lose everyone whom he loved.

"Cadmus," said a voice, "pluck out the dragon's teeth and sow them in the earth."

This was a very strange thing to do, but Cadmus tugged and toiled, and after pounding away with a heavy stone for a long time, he collected enough teeth to fill a bushel basket. The next thing to do was to plant them, and as he had nothing but his sword to loosen the earth, it was a good bit of work to do it. Finally, however, he succeeded in sowing half of them, and stood leaning on his sword, wondering what would happen next.

He had waited but a few minutes when he began to see a marvellous sight. All at once something glistened very brightly, first at one spot, then at another, and then at a hundred and a thousand spots together. Soon he perceived them to be the steel heads of spears. Next appeared bright sword blades, and a moment later the ground was broken by a multitude of

polished brass helmets, coming up like a crop of enormous beans. In short he soon beheld an abundant harvest of what looked like human beings, armed with shields, swords and spears. And before they were well out of the earth, they brandished their weapons and seemed to think that they had wasted too much of life without a battle.

"Cadmus," said a voice, "throw a stone into the midst of the armed men."

So Cadmus flung a stone into the midst of the army and saw it strike the breast-plate of a fierce warrior. Immediately the warrior turned and smote his next neighbor a blow that cleft his helmet; and in an instant those nearest the fallen warrior began to strike at one another. The confusion spread wider and wider.

It was strange to see the mischief which had started from no cause at all, but was not more foolish nor wicked than a thousand battles that have been fought since with just as little reason.

When the ground was strewn with dead and only five were left standing, "Cadmus," the voice said, "bid those five warriors sheathe their swords. They will help you to build the city."

"Sheathe your weapons," said Cadmus, stepping forward.

And forthwith, the sons of the dragon's teeth made him a military salute and stood before Cadmus in rank, awaiting his commands.

"Come," said Cadmus, "you are sturdy fellows. Make yourselves useful. Quarry me some stones with your swords and help me build a city."

In the course of time the warriors got accustomed to hard labor, and had sense enough to feel that there was more enjoyment in living in peace with one's neighbor than in striking at him with a sword,

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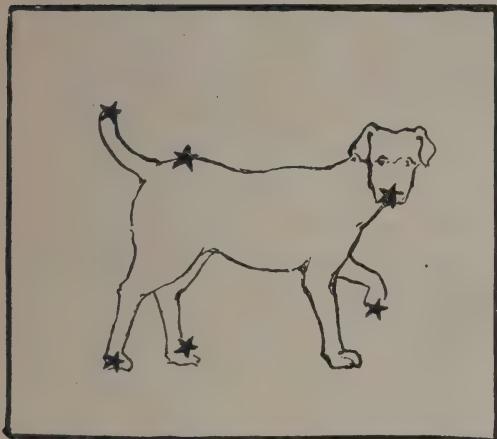
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THE SOCIETY OF STAR-GAZERS

By M. O. Osborne

VI.



THE BIG DOG AND THE BRIGHT STAR SIRIUS

THE very brightest constellation in the sky in February," said Cousin Jimmie, "is Orion. He's standing up fine and straight in the southern sky. Find the three stars of his belt and then his right shoulder, which is marked by the wonderful star, Betelgeuse, and his left knee, which is shown by Rigel. Both Rigel and Betelgeuse are huge suns. Betelgeuse is two hundred and forty times as big as our sun in diameter."

"Phew!" whistled Louis, "it is a bright star, all right, but you could never imagine it as big as our sun—and two hundred and forty times as big—"

"Oh, I said it's diameter, the line through the middle of it, you know, is two hundred and forty times as big," replied Cousin Jimmie. "It's extent is so great that if the sun were put in the middle of it, the orbit of the earth would be included in Betelgeuse."

"What do you mean, Cousin Jimmie?" asked Anna, "Do you mean there would be room enough for the earth to go around the sun right inside of Betelgeuse?"

"That's exactly what I mean. And although Betelgeuse is really so huge, it doesn't look as bright as another star

lower down in the sky, does it? Do you know what that brightest star is?"

"It's the brightest star in the whole sky, isn't it?" exclaimed Anna. "And I read that the brightest star is Sirius."

"Yes, it is Sirius. And it is the nearest star we can see in the Northern Hemisphere without a telescope; that's why it is so bright. But even though it is so comparatively near, it takes nearly nine years for its light to reach us. The light from Rigel, the left knee of Orion, takes more than four hundred years to reach us."

"See!" exclaimed Francis, "how the three stars of Orion's belt point down to Sirius. You can find Aldebaran, the bull's eye, by following the line of the belt upwards, and Sirius by following it downward."

"Yes, and Sirius is the eye of the dog—Orion's big dog, *Canis Major*; he's standing, on his hind legs. Look at this picture!"

Cousin Jimmie turned on his flashlight and showed a diagram of the dog and then another which he said was called the rabbit.

"It's right under Orion's feet, and the dog is chasing it," he said.

"I see it!" cried Louis. "It has two stars in each ear."



THE RABBIT

SOMETHING TO CUT AND PASTE



OH! IT BROKE!

GOLDILOCKS TRIES THE THREE CHAIRS

IV.

Goldilocks saw three chairs, one a great big chair, one a middle-sized chair, and one a tiny wee chair.

"I'll try them all," said she.

The great big chair was too big. The middle-sized chair was a little too large. The tiny wee chair she liked best of all but—oh, it broke down!

"Dear me!" cried Goldilocks, "If I can't sit down, perhaps I can lie down. Where are the beds?"

(Look on page 192 for directions for making this picture)

LITTLE FOLKS HOME GUARD

(Continued from page 178)

start several weeks before Easter so that they will bloom at Easter time, you can probably find some one who is shut in or lonely who would love to have a blossoming plant to make them happy. Oh, there are so many things your Star can do; and if you are not a Star member, you can do many of them yourself. Just to interest you I am going to offer a prize to the Star, and one to the Guard not a Star member, who holds the best record in October, 1923, for doing the best work in making the world a happier place for folks to live in. That means doing nice things for others, things that will make them love you for your thoughtfulness. I want you to think of the things yourself, and to write me about them when you have done them. Of course I won't know about them unless you do. And remember, do, that you can begin to do such things right at home. You don't have to spend money always to do nice things, you know. The errands, the chores, the little thoughtful things that are done unexpectedly and both surprise and please the person for whom you do them; your bad habits broken even if you have to try hard for a long time, doing cheerfully the things you don't like very well to do—all those things can be done at home and certainly will make Mother and Father happy. And your own happiness at having done them will be a surprise to you! Let's make this a real contest. Names of the winners will be printed, of course.

This is our Honor List for February:

Dorothea Kayes, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
Harriet Howard, 2.
Dorothy Vaders, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Althea Nichols, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Katherine Blake, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.
Marion Alle, 1.
Charlotte Rosenstengel, 1.
Bettie Lucile Lucas, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Mary Frances Carpenter, 5
Hester Brooks, 2.
Katharine Stout, 1, 2.
Elizabeth Lamnek, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
Carl W. Tiller, 1, 2, 4, 5.
Pauline Wall, 1, 2.
Doris Melton, 1.
Dorothy Melton, 1.
Ruth Jones, 1.
Rita Laura Horton, 2.
Edna Stocking, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
Dorothy Lee, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

If you would like to be a Home Guard, Cousin Constance will enroll you upon request, and will mail you a circular explaining the club if you enclose a 2-cent stamp. A pin will be sent you for 5 cents.

Lovingly,
Cousin Constance.

New Methods in Child Training



Now for the first time there is a scientific method in child training, founded on the principle that confidence is the basis of control. This new system shows you how in your own home to correct the cause of disobedience, waywardness, and other dangerous habits which, if not properly remedied, lead to dire consequences. The trouble is most cases now is that parents are punished or scolded for what the child does. The new method removes the cause—not by punishment, or scolding but by confidence and cooperation along lines which are amazingly easy for any parent to instantly apply.

Highest Endorsements This new system, which has been put into the form of an illustrated Course prepared especially for the busy parent, is producing remarkable and immediate results for the thousands of parents in all parts of the world. It is also endorsed by leading educators. It covers all ages from cradle to eighteen years.

Free Book "New Methods in Child Training" is the title of a startling book which describes this new system and outlines the work of the Parents Association. Send letter or postal today and the book will be sent free—but do it now as this announcement may never appear here again.

The Parents Association
Dept. 462, Pleasant Hill, Ohio



Keep Musterole on the bath-room shelf

Years ago the old-fashioned mustard plaster was the favorite remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, colds on the chest and sore throat.

It did the work all right, but it was sticky and messy to apply and my how it did burn and blister!

The little white jar of Musterole has taken the place of the stern old mustard plaster.

Keep this soothing ointment on your bathroom shelf and bring it out at the first cough or sniffle, at rheumatism's first warning tingle.

Made from pure oil of mustard, with the blister and sting taken out, Musterole penetrates the skin and goes right down to the seat of the trouble.

Order Musterole today from your druggist. He has it in 35c and 65c jars and tubes; hospital size, \$3.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



A VALENTINE TO MAKE

A

Place to
insert fastener

Front of Chair.

A'

Back of Chair.

B

Place to
insert fastener.

B'



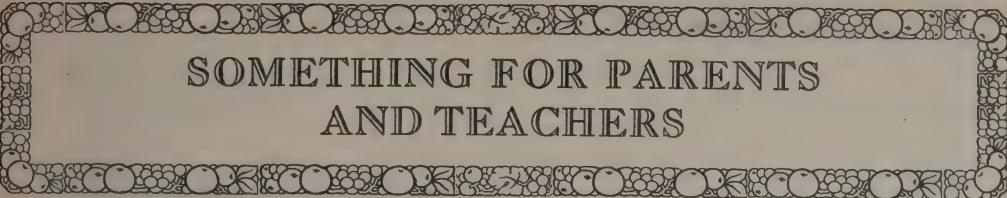
Doll.

Dotted line
over the hands
shows where the paper
heart should be pasted.

Dot below knee
shows place for
fastener which
pierces B and B'.



Heart and String.



SOMETHING FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS

THE RUNAWAY

By Angelo Patri

Author of "A Schoolmaster in the Great City"; Principal Public School 45, The Bronx

BUDDIE ran away as often as he could get the gate open. That depended upon his luck. If the mail man and the grocery boy and the butcher boy each left it open he went three times, but if one forgot and closed it that was one time off.

Each time he got away he headed for the same place, the vacant lot three corners away, where all the little boys who weren't closed in behind the gates gathered to play.

Each time he was missed there was a hurrying and a scurrying and a slamming of doors and a scrambling of feet as some one raced after him. Then his face and hands were washed and he was scolded and put in his place. By and by he would be allowed to go into the garden to play again—and watch for the gate to be left unguarded. Then off he'd go.

"What shall I do? I can't tie him up and I can't sit beside him. I can't follow him all day long. Maybe he is going to grow up into a tramp and then what shall I do?" wailed his mother.

When a child, big or little, runs away you would better ask from what he is running and to what he is going. There must be an answer to both points.

The thing this wee lad was running away from was plain. Loneliness. Toward what he was going was equally plain. Companionship.

It is not good for children to be alone. Grown people are not really companions for children, although they may try hard to approximate companionship. Children must play with children and play as they play. The one child in the family is at a great loss.

You want him where you can see him? That is sensible enough, but if you do you must furnish the power that will hold him there. You must let him people the garden or the lot where he plays.

All mothers want to keep their children at home, so you will meet competition. Are you prepared for that? Have you made your yard the place where the children can meet and play happily? Can you stand the wear and tear of them? The noise and the bustle of them? Have you given them the swings and the pails and the shovels and the chance to use them?

You see, children have to play with children, and there must be a place for the play and there must be the things to play with. And there must be some one who holds himself responsible for all this. There must be some one whom the other mothers will trust.

If you provide such a place for the little one he will not run away. You could not drive him away. But if there is nothing but himself and his own yard, however equipped it may be, he will run away as surely as water runs down hill.

Think. What is he running from? What is he running toward?

(Copyright, 1922, by Angelo Patri.)

THE QUIZZIES

Dear Boys and Girls:-

It was so very cold and windy the other day that the Quizzies decided to spend part of their time in the house with their books. Numbers 3, 4, 5 and 6 below represe the names of four books they always enjoy.

Number 1 represents the name of one of our Presidents whose birthday comes in February.

Number 2 represents—well, I know you had lots of fun exchanging 'em on Februry 14th, that's all I've got to say.

Your Quizzie-Maker,

Clarence Biers.

(Answers to the Puzzle are on page 192)





PLAYROOM COOKS

A Valentine Tea

"MOTHER," said Janie, running into the library one February afternoon, "may we have an Afternoon Tea on Valentine's Day? It's tomorrow!"

"Why, yes, Janie dear, if you will do everything yourselves and not bother Bridget."

"That's the biggest part of the fun, Mumsie!" laughed Janie.

So, next day, Jane and Ruth and Roger started right after school to make dainty cookies and sandwiches for the Tea, which Ruth remarked ought to be called an "Afternoon |Cocoa," since they were to serve cocoa instead of tea.

This is what they used in their

VALENTINE COOKIES

One-third cup butter
Two-thirds cup sugar
One egg (well beaten)
One and three-quarters cups flour,
sifted with
Two teaspoons baking powder
One-half teaspoon cinnamon
One-quarter teaspoon clove
One-quarter teaspoon mace
One-quarter teaspoon nutmeg

Ruth rubbed the butter with a large spoon until it was soft and creamy, then added the sugar and the egg which Roger had beaten for her. Next came the milk

and last of all she sifted in the flour with the other dry things mixed in it, stirring all the time.

Janie had the board all floured and she rolled out a quarter of the cookie dough, then Roger cut it quickly into heart shaped cookies and Ruth put them into a buttered cookie pan. "I wonder if they are too thick," she said.

"No, I like 'em that way," said Roger, because if you'd rolled them thinner I couldn't have lifted them into the pan without busting them up!"

"How's the oven?" asked Janie of Bridget. "The cook book says it should be a moderate oven."

"Sure'n!" "When you do be cooking, it's the oven you should think of first and last, but I've minded it for ye, and it's just right it is!"

"Thank you, Bridget! You're a dear!" said Janie. "Now I'll make the sandwiches."

They were of cream cheese, which Janie moistened with cream and to which she added chopped olives. They were cut into heart shapes with a cookie cutter.

It took an hour and a half for the three Playroom Cooks to prepare for their Valentine Tea, and at 5 o'clock they were ready for the three little girls and four little boys whom they had invited.

Cough - Colds

IT is not what we say, but what our patrons say of Vapo-Cresolene that conveys the strongest evidence of its merits.



Est. 1879

"Used
while
you
sleep"

Our best advertising is from the unsolicited statements of those who have used Vapo-Cresolene. For coughs, colds, bronchitis, influenza, whooping cough, spasmodic croup, asthma, and catarrh.

Send for our testimonial and descriptive booklet 36C

Sold by Druggists

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortland St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Bldg.,
Montreal, Canada



If You Have Two Friends

Who do not now take LITTLE FOLKS who will let you send in their subscriptions for them

YOU CAN HAVE THIS WALKING AND SLEEPING DOLL



Nearly every little girl who reads LITTLE FOLKS knows two children who would like to subscribe to LITTLE FOLKS. Just tell them about this magazine and offer to send in their subscription for them. Then send their names and \$2.00 for each subscription to us, and this dolly will be sent you right off.

Dolly is much prettier than her picture. She will walk and go to sleep whenever you wish. She is 13 1/2 inches tall, and a real beauty. Get yours before they are all gone. Cash price for this doll is \$1.75.

If you want a baby doll that sleeps and says "Mama" send five subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS. Cash price of this doll \$4.25.

If you want a baby doll that sleeps, cries and walks send three subscriptions. Cash price of this doll \$3.25.

S. E. CASSINO CO., SALEM, MASS.

THREE BEST GRADE PENCILS



Goldilocks Tries the Three Chairs

By L. J. Bridgman

Directions for making the Picture

(See page 186)

First make a tracing of the whole picture on white paper. Cut out of this the parts which are to be white. Select papers of the tints you choose for the other parts. The tracing can be fastened to these tints with pins or paper clips and be used as a pattern. In many cases—a sky for instance—a tint may cover a wide space and the other objects—trees, for instance—may be pasted over this tint. The finer markings may be added with pen or pencil. The backing should be larger than the picture and of reasonably thick cardboard. There will be twelve pictures.

ANSWERS TO THE FEBRUARY QUIZZIE PUZZLE

1. Washing-ton, or Washington.
2. Val-EN-tie-N's, or Valetines.
3. Robin's-son Cru-S-OHn, or Robinson Crusoe.
4. A child's garden of verses, or A Child's Garden of Verses.
5. Mother Goose.
6. Black B-YOU-TEA, or Black Beauty.

PLAYS

For Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, For the Home or School Room, Dialogs, Speakers, Monologs, Minstrel Opening Choruses and Blackface Plays, Recitations, Drills, How to Stage a Play, Make-up, Catalogue FREE, T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 41 CHICAGO

Subscribers Please Read!

Don't be alarmed because your February copy has arrived late. The reason is that we have just moved our entire plant. For three years we have had others print Little Folks for us. Now we are again printing the magazine ourselves and you will, we feel sure, agree that it looks better. We shall continue to improve it far beyond its present appearance.

PLEASE BE PATIENT for a little while so that we can get caught up. Your magazine will soon be on time again.



THIS SCHOOL BOX GIVEN

to any boy or girl who will send us one new subscription to LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE. This noiseless companion contains pencils, pen, Van Dyke eraser, etc.

S. E. CASSINO CO.,

SALEM, MASS.

Something to Please Mother

What is Mother's favorite perfume? Perhaps she doesn't know. At any rate, we will send you a test set, just to see whether she really does know, or not. There are three cunning bottles of three most delightful perfumes. Just send us your address and two 2c stamps (4c) and we'll mail you the test set with directions, and a delightful booklet on "Fragrance." Address: Fragrance, care of Little Folks Magazine, Salem, Mass.

For Any Boy or Girl

A REAL WATCH

Every boy and every girl wants a watch, so we have arranged to get a **Real Time-keeper** that will please any boy or girl and one that we could give away for as little money and work as possible.



BOYS: Think of having a real genuine watch all your own, one that looks like gold and wears like silver. It has an engraved case, an American movement, and will go for years. Surprise your friends with this watch.

GIRLS: This wrist watch is certainly a beauty. Its nickel finish looks like silver and wears better. It has a good 7 Jewel movement with lever escapement that will keep time and a leather wrist strap. Any girl will be proud to own this watch.

How to get these Watches Easily and Quickly.

THE BOYS' LEONARD WATCH is given for securing only one new yearly subscription to **LITTLE FOLKS** and sending 40c. extra. Girls enjoy this watch too.

THE GIRLS' WRIST WATCH is given for securing only one new yearly subscription to **LITTLE FOLKS** and sending \$2.50 extra, or for two subscriptions and \$1.75 extra, or it is given free of cost for five subscriptions.

*There isn't a subscriber or reader of **LITTLE FOLKS** who can't get one subscription. Think of the children you know who don't take **LITTLE FOLKS** now. Tell them why you like **LITTLE FOLKS** and it's easy to get them to subscribe.*

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE

SALEM, MASS.



Known as "the lumberman", the energetic beaver is an engineer and builder as well. With his strong, sharp teeth he cuts down large trees, letting them fall across a stream. Afterward, he builds a dam by piling on sticks and mud. With clay and twigs he then builds "apartment houses" with entrances under the water.

Clean Teeth Help You Play —And Work Like a Beaver

Children, like beavers, do their best work with good teeth. If a beaver loses his teeth he loses strength. And unless children keep their teeth clean and sound they, too, will lose in health and strength.

So wide awake boys and girls clean their teeth regularly—brush them after every meal—and do it in the *right way*. There is no need to scour them with harsh grit; that may hurt the enamel by scratching it. "Washing" with a *safe*, non-gritty dental cream keeps your teeth clean.

COLGATE'S CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY

"Washes" and Polishes—Doesn't Scratch or Scour

You can use Colgate's during a long lifetime without in the slightest degree injuring the delicate enamel of your teeth.

Show your mother and father this page and say that you would like a new tube of Colgate's all your own. It tastes so good that boys and girls *like* to brush their teeth.

Colgate's cleans teeth thoroughly—no *safe* dentifrice does more. At your dealer's a **LARGE** tube costs 25c—why pay more?

AN OFFER

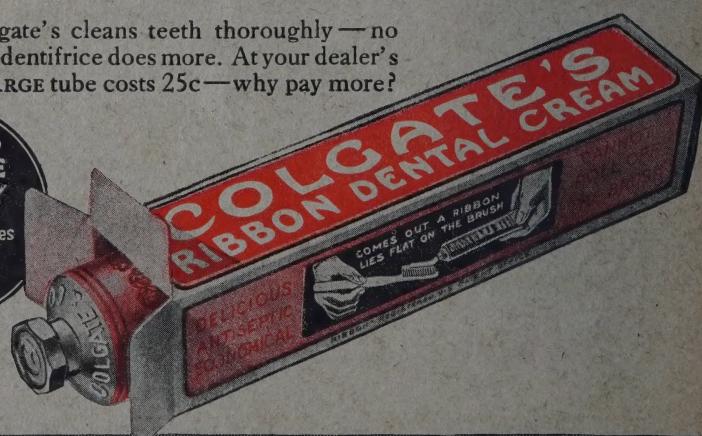
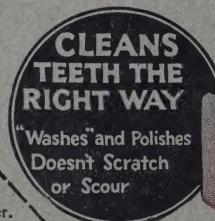
1—Buy a tube of Ribbon Dental Cream in its cardboard box.

2—Attach this coupon to the cardboard box. Slip both into an envelope and mail to Colgate & Co., Dept. 12, Box 645, City Hall Station, N. Y. C.

3—We will then send you a sample cake of Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet Soap, which will make a welcome Valentine gift for mother.

Your name _____

Address _____



Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture